SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XIX. | PUBLISHED BY DU SOLLE & GRAHAM, No. 36 Carter's Alley, Back of Third street—Opposite the Girard Bank. | PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 21, 1839. | TERMS. $2 PER ANNUM. $2 IF PAID IN ADVANCE. $1 25 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS. | WHOLE No. 960.

And the ... buds of the spicy tree.
Thrill at the heart of the revelry;
And the ... starts 'mid his ... cheer,
Such a rustling of stranger wings to hear.
O what would wanderers? hath flee away
From your native homes in our vale to stray!
But when they are wak'd by the touch of Spring,
We shall see you again, with your glancing wing—
Your notes 'mid our household trees to raise,
And stir our hearts to our Maker's praise.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

WRESTLING FOR THE LILY HAND.

BY G. R. GRAHAM.

The verdant and extensive plains of Western England, have been the subject of many a traveller's theme, and perhaps no part has more charms for the unpractised eye. But the feelings awakened by the beauty and the grace of the English landscape, dotted with the neat and unpretending cottages—which, as they are above all praise, are frequently the subject of it—give place in the mind of the traveller, to the more strong and active emotions awakened as he approaches the lofty mountain, the deep valley, the roaring torrent, and the steep precipices—for which North Wales is so celebrated. It ought to be the land of inspiration and of song. Rivers and torrents almost without number, roll and dash through its mountain valleys. The scenery which rises almost perpendicularly on the mountain side from the very brink of its streams, while anon the dark defiles, deep, narrow and barren, which serve to designate the course the sullen stream takes between the mountains—the summits, rough, stony and sterile, heighten the sublime in effect, render the contrast more broadly marked, and combine with the verdant plain below, to give the highest poetic influence to that region.

In North Wales, in the heart of Montgomery, and amid a cluster of mountains, towers the huge mass of Plinlimmon. The vales intervening between the many heights, diversify the bleak and barren regions, otherwise calculated to inspire nothing but impressions of dreary sublimity. The mountain chain on the side of Clwyd in the County of Denbigh, gradually sinks, and at the level plain for about twenty miles in length and four or five in breadth, presents the most brilliant picture of fertility, heightened doubtless by contrast, and is justly considered the most beautiful spot in the whole island. Being in the summer ...

CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR.

No. III.

... And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar!
Childe Harold.

BEARDING THE LION.

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires.
Strike! for your altars and your fires,
Strike! for the green graves of your sires,
God! and your native land!" *Halleck.*

"Push the bottle," roared a youngster from the bottom of the table, as, about a week after we had run the gauntlet of the British fleet, we were making merry in our room, and dissipating the monotony of a midshipman's life by the excellence of our grog, the joyousness of youth, and the boisterous tone of our mirth.

"And shove us some of that junk, will you, Danforth!" sung out Irvine.

"It's your turn, Jack, for a song or a story," cried the first speaker to a fine, young fellow at my side, who was the senior of all but myself, and had seen more service than any.

"Oh! you know I never sing, ask Irvine there."

"Not me, i' faith; but, by-the-bye, you were on board of the old smasher when she captured the Guerriere, and when I was in Norfolk, the newspapers were crammed with such fabrications about her, that I knew not what to believe—besides, Danforth there hasn't heard of it either—so let's fill a bumper to the dear old frigate, and then, boys, another to make up for spilling."

"With all my heart," answered Jack; and the toast was drunk in a whirlwind of huzzas.

"You remember the forebodings," he began, "with which the war was opened; and the almost universal opinion on shore that we could do nothing to withstand a navy, which after annihilating the gigantic fleets of France and Spain, would speedily drive our few cruizers from the ocean, and sweep the Atlantic with a broom at the mast head. But though this opinion prevailed among the people, enervated the national legislature, and threw the navy almost upon its own indomitable spirit, it met no countenance in ...

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages be due.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

SETTLING UP.—Subscribers to the SATURDAY EVENING POST who are still in arrears to the 1st of November last, are respectfully, but urgently solicited to liquidate their balances as early as possible, that the subscriber may settle up all his accounts before leaving Philadelphia. *Early attention is particularly requested.*

SAMUEL C. ATKINSON,
Late Publisher, 36 Carter's Alley.

Subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post will much oblige the present proprietors by paying early attention to the above. We wish to have the present accounts closed by the first of January next ensuing, if possible. We intend to show them what a weekly paper can be made; and therefore should like to start the year completely untrammelled, with any collection of back standing debts. An early and prompt settlement is respectfully requested. tf

Business Notices.

We announce with much pleasure, A. Bullock, Esq. as a travelling agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Casket. He will accept our thanks for his promptitude in attending to our business in Nashville and its vicinity.

We would be obliged to Allen Pollock, now a resident in some of the South Western states, who would inform [illegible]

[illegible]

GENERAL NEWS.

THE ALBANY TROUBLES.—A letter from Albany to the New York Express, says, "There appears no longer any doubt that the Proclamation of the Governor, backed by the decided tone of public sentiment, has had the effect anticipated. No resistance of any kind was made to the advance of the troops from Clarksville and Rensselaerville, at which latter place they quartered last night. Here they will in all probability remain until the Sheriff has effectually executed his processes, and matters are restored to their wonted quiet. The warrants placed in the hands of the Sheriff for the arrest of the prominent individuals have been executed on one, if not more. I presume the Sheriff will complete his duties in time to permit of the return of the troops to their homes on Saturday." The Albany papers confirm this statement.

THE STEAMER LIVERPOOL.—This vessel took away the following amount of remittances:

Specie from United States Bank,	$500,000
" " Howland & Aspinwall,	90,000
" " other firms,	900,000
Total specie,	$1,490,000
State bonds,	2,300,000
Commercial bills,	1,100,000
Total remittances,	$4,890,000

THE CHEROKEE DISTURBANCES AT AN END.—Through the vigilance of Col. Kearney, as we learn by the St Louis Republican of Nov. 30th, a detachment of 250 of the First Dragoons scoured the Cherokee frontier, Missouri, and had returned to Fort Leavenworth, Nov. 20th, marching 300 miles in nine days. They found the Cherokees perfectly quiet, and no way disposed for war, or to resist the murderers of the Ridges and Boudinot, in search of whom Gen. Arbuckle had sent a scout of sixty dragoons.

CONTEMPT.—On Monday last at Harrisburg, Judge Porter sentenced two of the County Commissioners to pay a fine of $25 for a contempt of Court in refusing to obey its order and process by selecting jurors, not according to the requisitions of the act of Assembly, but according to their own peculiar notions, which had been previously declared illegal. The delinquents have paid the fine, and for the future promised to obey the law.

FORFEIT OF LANDS FOR TREASON.—The Quebec Official Gazette Advertises for sale, by order of the Government, the lands of nineteen individuals, who have been convicted of treason, and some of them executed. Among these individuals we perceive the names of Andre Papineau, Joseph N. Cardinal and Joseph and Louis Dumouchelle. The lands are all sold as forfeit.

THE REV. JOSEPH WOLF.—The New York Observer states that the Rev. Joseph Wolf, the eccentric convert from Judaism, after wandering for twenty years in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, proclaiming everywhere the gospel of Jesus Christ, has at length, it seems, settled down as the pastor of a small parish in Yorkshire, (England.)

HE LOST IT.—Dr. Williams, the Oculist, has been cast in a suit brought by one of his patients, to recover $75, the amount paid for an anticipated cure of his eyes. The jury, notwithstanding all the doctor's patients, blind and nearly blind, testified to his miraculous cures, brought in a verdict against him for $75 and costs.

THE MORMONS BEFORE CONGRESS.—We learn that the Mormons, now in Illinois, have deputed Joseph Smith, Jr. and Sidney Rigdon, to go to Washington, and lay a memorial representing their persecution before Congress; and that the deputies are already in the District.

TRIAL FOR FORGERY.—In the New York Court of General Sessions, on Friday, Albert L. Morriss was put upon his trial for forgery in the third degree, in having, on the 15th of April, 1839, forged and uttered the endorsement of "Miller & Bancker," to a promissory note.

SUB-MARINE EXPLOSIONS.—Mr. Taylor is repeating his sub-marine experiments at Boston. He goes down into deep water, encased in his armor; attaches his explosive preparation to the bottom of the vessel, and afterward explodes the same by means of his fusee.

ANOTHER FIRE AT MOBILE.—The Mobile Journal of the 22d inst. gives an account of a fire that occurred in that city, on that date, by which 11 dwelling houses and stables were destroyed. Contrary to custom, this was not the work of incendiaries, but of accident.

A NEW GOVERNOR IN HAVANA.—It is rumored in Havana, that a new Captain General is to be sent out. He is one of the sons of the Prince of Anglada, said to be a second Tacon. The health of the present incumbent has induced him to ask his dismission.

THE MACKEREL FISHERY.—Mackerel was selling at Halifax on the 27th ultimo, at $8,75 per barrel. The fishery had been unusually good; prompt sales and high prices had encouraged the fishermen.

A WARNING.—The Boston Post says, a Miss [illegible]

LOOK OUT FOR WAR.—Mr. Fox, the British Minister at Washington, states that he has received instructions to notify the American Government, that if American citizens (brigands) attempted a repetition of their interference in Canadian matters this winter, that the British Government would view such attempts in the light of a declaration of war, if sanctioned by our Government, and that he would act accordingly.

RIOT AMONG LABORERS AND ATTEMPT TO MURDER.—On Sunday, the 8th inst., some Laborers at Wilkesbarre attempted to beat one of their own countrymen, when a Mr. Pease interfered and prevented them. For this interference they fell upon and attempted to murder him, by cutting his throat. They were driven off after severely stabbing him and partly effecting their purpose, and eleven of them were lodged in jail.

ROBBERY AND THIEVES CAUGHT.—The Wilkesbarre Advocate states that on Wednesday of last week, the store of Major Abed Baldwin was broken open and robbed of two or three hundred dollars and a gold watch. On the Saturday following, two of the universal "Smith" family were detected making tracks for some other part, with the money and property in their possession. The next tracks they made were for the jail.

RUSSIAN FREEDOM OF WHEAT.—An ukase has been published by the Russian Ministry, allowing the free exportation of wheat flour and biscuit made of it for seven years. For a barrel of between five and six puds, [200 to 246 pounds,] 30 silver copecks are offered for the first four years; 20 for the fifth year; 15 for the sixth, and 10 for the seventh.

AN EARTHLY AVALANCHE.—We hear that on Friday last, an immense mass of earth and rock, on one side of the Reading Railroad, near Manayunk, became loosened, and was precipitated upon the railroad, and will present an obstruction to the further use of the road, for two or three weeks, so long a time, it is stated, being required to remove the terraqueous avalanche.

[illegible]

Saturday Evening Post.

Prospectus of a New Volume.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST having CHANGED PROPRIETORS, the paper will be brought out early in December in

An entirely new Dress.

A Series of Improvements

are contemplated, which will place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in the front rank of the best news and literary journals in the land.

It is the design of the proprietors to spare no pains or expense to make the paper

All that can be Desired.

[illegible]

SEVERAL VALUABLE LITERARY FRIENDS,

[illegible]

THE PAPER ITSELF

shall be the

Great Inducement to Subscribers.

[illegible]

News, Memoranda, Tables, Facts, Hints, &c.

[illegible]

A Family Newspaper.

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

[illegible]

THE CASKET

AND PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

[illegible]

[illegible]

... as has taken place between us, Mary." "Nor do I wonder," returned Mary; "but I have come to a resolution not to live with any lady whatever who can't speak grammar."

The printers of Baltimore have held a feast, whereat many good things were said, sung, and done. Mr. Hewett, the editor of the "Clipper," well known as a good writer, sung the following song, written by himself:

A song I'm going to sing, and types shall be my theme,
A credit I do not need, since I work off a ream;
[illegible] the case is very clear,
[illegible] than the wine, nor "thousands small beer."

The world's a mammoth sheet, on which dame Nature prints
A host of characters, in all their various tints;
The Lawyer pleads his case, the Tailor cuts by rule,
The master wields his stick and gathers heads at school.

The Doctor puts a stop to life's brief paragraph,
The Sexton locks the form, Death writes the epitaph;
The Dandy makes a push, the sportsman loves the chase,
While beaux use their cases to batter many a face.

The Alderman's all fat, and makes a long oration,
The Ladies are all flowers, fair notes of admiration!
The Dancer deals in cuts, [illegible],
The Mill'ner deals in caps and head-work for the belle.

To [illegible] brave deeds when slavery's chain was broken,
The Printer locks his form, and gives the word full token;
All sorts of men are they, their [illegible] from errors free,
With [illegible] for their cause, their [illegible] integrity.

And now I've sung my song, I'm run up high and dry,
I'll give you some advice; be not knocked into pi!
But keep your galleys full, your [illegible] heavy way,
Your dollars must not [illegible] so well say.

Outstripping Everything.—A gentleman at a late fashionable assembly, being asked which of the ladies of the company he thought the most beautiful, replied—"Why, madam, they are all beautiful; but that lady, I think, (pointing to Miss Baron, who was dressed in the extreme of fashion,) outstrips them all."

Wasn't he Patriotic?—A person entering the House of Commons when the Rump Parliament was sitting, exclaimed: "These are goodly gentlemen—I could work for them all my days for nothing." "What trade are you, my friend," "A rope maker," replied the other.

The Shoes and the Doctor.—Thin shoes may show off a neat foot—but they extend familiar invitations to colds, coughs and consumptions.

From a London paper.

We know not by whom the additional stanzas to "John Anderson, my Jo," were written, but the exquisite tone of unalterable affection which pervades them, and the unconsciousness of time's progress which that purity of love engenders, could never have been more simply or more touchingly expressed:—

John Anderson, my jo, John

[illegible]

And never turn their back on any one.
For this they deem not only impolite
But comparable to shunning heavenly light.
And e'en when lying prostrate in their bed,
They to the front side turn their face and head;
Avowing that a different attitude
Is turning from the Lord and all that's good.

They do not dress their food with any view
To gratify the palate;—this they do
With the sole view of wholesomeness alone;
That wholesome food is savory, is known;
Consulting, thus, at once, the body's health,
And mental cheerfulness, the soul's best wealth.
Hence the stark madness of those sensual fools
Who place life's bliss in epicurean rules
To gratify the taste; who storm and rail
If the poor cook by accident should fail,
To please their gluttony and impious lust,
While thousands starve around them for a crust.
They thus acquire a brutal savage spirit,
Part of themselves, the visage of an owl;
[illegible] while lusting for a feast,
The image and the likeness of a beast;
Hence dullness and stupidity arise
In things that need the judgment of the wise.

They worship one great spirit, whom they call
The only Lord, and Saviour of them all.
And he exists in human form they say,
And reigns above the heavens and milky-way.
Each morning twilight hears their praise and prayers
Breathed forth by millions to this God of theirs;
And every evening, when their work is done,
Again repeated with the setting sun;
It is revealed to them, which all require,
How they should live and what they should believe,
And what is thus revealed, is handed down
From sire to son, without a doubting frown.
For each believes whate'er his sire imparts
And thus the law is written on their hearts.
They're very cautious lest a careless word
Convey a wrong idea of the Lord;
For if such false impressions once obtain
In any family, a dreadful train
Of evils follow, till they have been tried
By much affliction, and so purified.
'Tis so with all who from the truth have swerved,
And purity of faith is thus preserved.

MARS.

How blandly moves his fiery course pursues,
Without a moon his journey to amuse;
But maugre his contentious heathen name
The Martians are not quite unknown to fame.

For we're informed by the learned Swede,
Whose philosophic works we daily read,
That the inhabitants of Mars rank high,
Among the best that live beneath the sky.
They are celestial men, 'tis understood;
Like the first pair whom God call'd very good;
They loved the truth, and that they always teach
In their mute, tacit, cogitative speech;
For each one's meaning in his face is read
And understood, though not a word be said;
The soul discourses, through the nerves and eyes,
In language quite familiar to the wise;
Like those of Jupiter, they ne'er impart
A sentiment that's foreign to the heart.
Like them they're clothed with garments to the knees,
Wrought from the fibrous bark of certain trees,
Which spun and woven into cloth, become
A fabric stiffened with elastic gum.

They have the art of making fluid fire
With which they light their dwellings; such require
Some substitute, as they no moon can claim
But their bright gas-lights burn with steady flame.
Their food is vegetables, pulse, and fruits,
The wholesomeness of which, no one disputes.

[illegible]

... extensive over which he presides, [illegible] their lustre, [illegible] light in our pulpit, and has long been the "alma mater" of many of our distinguished men. In her old halls the first impulse of ambition, the first kindling enthusiasm of genius, the first wild, deep and passionate outgoings of eloquence have often leaped from the ardent mind in after years, sways of the destinies of a people. A host of glorious names, the alumni of the old mother, rise up, as we write, to our memory, and we almost fancy ourselves back again, as in our youthful days, with a crowd of choice spirits. But "tempus edax rerum," time is the destroyer of all. The ruthless desolater may mow down the living; he cannot crush and wither the memories of our heart. May those bright recollections never fade.

"Oh! long be the heart with such memories fill'd,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd,
You may break—you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

We have grown poetical, a very bad habit for a critic; and so dismounting from our Pegasus, we must come down to utilitarianism and common sense.

The Rev. Dr. Ludlow is a man of strong mind and extensive acquirements. His fame before he assumed the chair was high as a pulpit speaker, and every occasional effort since he has resided in our city has raised still higher his reputation. Of a Herculean frame, with a deep powerful voice, he unites all the physical weapons of an orator with that strength of understanding and well-cultivated fancy which form the principal mental requisites of one who would address a popular assembly. The Dr. therefore has an elocution but rarely surpassed. His delivery is never forced, his gestures are majestic, his voice rolls out at times in thunder-tones, and the whole style is as full, deep and sweeping as the flow of the Mississippi. There is no glitter in it, and but little apparent art. He rarely indulges in metaphors, and never covers his thoughts up in tinsel. Manly argument, deep, searching analysis, and powerful declamation are the chief characteristics, and in fact the very soul of his rolling style. He takes up no subject but he flashes into the light of a disciplined mind, elucidating what is dark, flinging some part into shadow, and developing the whole in his own strong and powerful manner. He never seizes a principle but he shakes it most manfully, and if there is a particle of sophistry in it he scarcely lets it escape with life. Like the great Demosthenes, however, he makes out that you should think more of the sermon than of the preacher, and while you admire the sentiments forget the man.

Still we have many things to disapprove of in ...

[illegible]

False the vows her lover plighted
At the changing moon!
And that fair she mourn'd—a blighted
Rose of June!

Heaven crush the wretch inhuman
Could betray
Faithful, fond, confiding woman,
Lured away
By the star of her affection,
By love's winning tone;
Leaving her without protection,
Lost and lone!

Swift the lightnings flash above her!
Thunders roll!
In the tempest flies her lover,
Light of soul!

Correspondence of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

A Winter in the West Indies.

Fort Royal, (Martinique,)

When I went upon deck this morning, our ship was coasting along the southern shore of this island, and we soon entered the spacious and magnificent bay, at the head of which stands—or rather lies in ruins—the town of Fort Royal. This island belongs to France, and contains about 90,000 inhabitants. The religion is exclusively Roman Catholic. The legislative power resides in the Governor appointed by the crown; a Council or Upper House, also appointed by the crown; and a Lower House, elected by the people, and whose term of office is five years. No laws enacted by the local Legislature are in force, till sanctioned by the government at home.

The bay into which our beautiful ship was sailing is well guarded. About midway between the town and the ocean are two batteries, bristling with cannon, and near the town are works scarcely excelled in strength by the citadel at Quebec. On each side of the bay, and in the distance, in every direction, are lofty hills of endlessly varied heights and forms, some of them running up into the clouds, and seemingly enveloped in the smoke of their own volcanoes, while others are finely rounded and cultivated to the top. In front of us was the town so lately touched by the finger of God. The earthquake which shook the whole island and partially devastated the city of St. Pierre, concentrated its fury on this spot, where stands; or once stood, the town of Fort Royal. Touched by the finger of God, it crumbled. "The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord."

Terrible as the spectacle must be, yet I had long desired to see a city overwhelmed by an earthquake. Such a city lay before me. With an interest nervously painful and intense, I hurried on shore to view the ruins. Language can convey no adequate idea of the scene which was presented to my eyes. Perhaps the description of a single spot will give the clearest conception of its horrors. The hospital, which stood just at the outskirts of the town, was built of stone, and surrounded three sides of a Quadrangle. Each of the three buildings was two stories high, and about two hundred feet in length. Outside of all the buildings, and enclosing an area of several acres, was a thick and solid stone wall. On the 11th of January, about six o'clock in the morning, without the slightest premonitory warning of any kind, "the earth shook and trembled." Instantly, those stone walls, as if built of sand which by some power had been held rigid for a time, but now returned to its original state—crumbled into a shapeless heap.—Walls and roof, stone and timber, lay crushed together, as if they had not only fallen, but as if some additional power had kneaded or trampled them into one frightful mass—or as if the earth had heaved and rocked till all the materials were mingled and ground together. Flight or escape was impossible, even if the wretched inmates had possessed their ordinary strength. But diseased and helpless as they were, they could only utter a shriek as they fell dead, or mangled in the ruins. Even the stone wall or fence lay crumbled, or scattered, like the mimic house which the child constructs with his blocks, and then in play or anger dashes on the floor. The ruins were most appalling.

At the same instant, the whole city containing 9000 inhabitants, felt the shock; whole blocks of stone buildings crumbled like the hospital; roofs tumbled in upon families in their beds, walls were rent and twisted, and houses upturned from the foundation. The earth heaved and rolled, as if the throes of the resurrection morn, or as if [illegible] in agony for the sins of men; and a cry ...

[illegible]

... more touching, tasteful, and true, than the following by Herrick.

To Primroses Filled with Morning Dew.

Why doe ye weep, sweet babes? Can teares
Speake griefe in you,
Who were but borne
Just as the modest morne
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That marres a flower,
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worne with yeares,
Or warpt as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers like to orphans young,
To speake by teares before ye have a tongue.

Speake, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droope and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullabie?
Or that ye have not seen as yet,
The Violet,
Or brought a kisse
From that sweetheart to this?—
No, no; this sorrow shown
By your teares shed,
Would have this lecture read,
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought forth.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Answer to the Enigma, in last week's paper—"TRIBULATION." W. J. H.

Enigma.

A name composed of just letters thirteen,
Will answer the following exactly I ween;
My first and my second is part of a town,
That with folks of New York hath great renown;
My fourth and my third is part of the name,
Of a warrior bold in acquired great fame;
My fifth is the fourth of the name of a bird,
That often is caged that its song may be heard;
My sixth is the fifth of a title bestowed
On a man from whose back the blood often hath flowed;
My seventh and eighth is the third of a place,
The people of whom are a peculiar race;
My ninth and my twelfth is the first and the last,
Of a beautiful book among the first classed;
My tenth and eleventh is half of a fish,
That epicures call a very fine dish;
My last is the third of a vermin well known,
To inhabit our barns, and devour our corn;
My whole is the name of a lady so rare,
Whose talent and beauty outshine all there are.

THOMAS.

P. S. An answer to the above is requested in rhyme.

Required—an answer to the following:—A man purchased of a shoemaker 4 different kinds of shoes; for which he agreed to pay 50 cts. per pair—they were in geometrical proportion; the sum of the 1st and 4th, was to the sum of the 2d and 3d, as 7 to 3; and the 4th was 48 more than the second; the purchaser paid the shoemaker a $50 note. Required the change he must have? Hanover.

Dec. 11th, 1828.

Enigma.

I'm in the earth—I'm in the sea—
In fire—in smoke I'll always be;
You'll always find me in a hovel,
Palace, poker or a shovel;
You'll find me both in Greece and France;
You'll always find me in a dance;
I'm in the foot—I'm in the head—
Search—you'll find me in your bed;
If from a poet me you take,
What's left you could quite easy break;
I'm always at the end of time—
In every word that is sublime;
I'm in your pen—I'm in your stove—
You'll never find me out of love.

S. P. Q.

Eloquent Brevity.—An Athenian, who wanted eloquence, but was very brave, when another had in a long and brilliant speech promised great affairs, got up and said, "Men of Athens, all that he has said I will do."

[illegible]